

### **Rin del Angelito**

Straight to Heaven  
Our little angel goes  
To pray for his grandparents,  
His parents and siblings.  
When the flesh perishes,  
The soul seeks a new home  
Inside a giant poppy  
Or inside a little bird.

Happy butterflies  
Dance for him around his crib.  
When the flesh dies  
The soul goes straight up  
To greet the moon  
And on its way  
To greet the morning star.

### **Maldigo del Alto Cielo**

I curse in the high heaven  
The star and its reflection  
I curse the blue  
Sparkles of the little stream  
I curse what is under the ground  
The stone and what surrounds it  
I curse the flame in the oven  
Because my soul is in mourning  
I curse the inescapable demands  
Of the weather with its stifling episodes  
How great will be my suffering.

I curse the mountain ranges  
Of the Andes and the coast  
I curse, Lord, the thin  
And long piece of earth  
War and peace alike  
The honest and the untrustworthy  
I curse anything that has perfume  
Because my appetite is dead  
I curse everything true  
And what is false along with the doubtful

How great will be my suffering.

I curse the spring  
And its gardens in flower  
And the colour of autumn  
I really curse that  
That passing cloud  
I curse so much and more  
Because it makes me feel more broken  
I curse the entire winter  
With the cheating summer  
I curse profane and holy  
How great will be my suffering.

I curse the lonely  
Shape of the flag  
I curse any emblem  
The venus and the araucaria  
The song of the canary  
The cosmos and its planets  
The Earth and all its crannies  
Because I am weighed down  
I curse the wide sea  
Its ports and its inlets  
How great will be my suffering.

I curse moon and landscape  
The valleys and the deserts  
I curse every dead man  
And all the living from king to page-boy  
The bird with its plumage  
I curse with insistence  
The classrooms, the vestries  
Because a pain afflicts me  
I curse the word love  
With all its remorseless bullshit  
How great will be my suffering

I finally curse what is white  
What is black and what is yellow  
Bishops and altar-boys  
Ministers and preachers  
And I curse, weeping  
The free man and the prisoner  
The sweet and the irritating  
I lay my curse on them

In Greek and in Spanish  
Because of a traitor  
How great will be my suffering

### **Arauco tiene una pena**

Arauco has a sorrow  
that I can't silence,  
it's the injustices of centuries  
that everyone sees executed,  
no one has remedied this  
even if it could be remedied.  
Rise, Huenchullán.

One day came, from far away  
a conqueror thief  
looking for mountains of gold  
that the indians never looked for.  
To the indian, there is enough gold  
on the sun's reflections.  
Rise, Curimón

Then the blood runs,  
the indian doesn't know what to do,  
they are going to take away his land,  
he has to defend it,  
the indian falls down, dead  
and the foreigner still stands.  
Rise, Manquilef.

Where did Lautaro go  
lost on the blue sky,  
and Galvarino's soul  
was carried away on a southern wind,  
that's why, crying, pass  
the leather skin of his drum  
Rise, then, Callfoll

From year 1400,  
the indians are mired in sorrow,  
in the shadow of his traditional house  
you can see him cry softly  
500-year old totora  
that will never dry up.  
Rise, Callupán

Arauco has a sorrow  
blackier than its waistcloth,  
it's no longer the Spaniards  
who make them cry.

Now it's Chileans themselves  
those who steal their bread.  
Rise, Pailahuán

Now the votes being casted roar,  
they are heard for what was repressed,  
but the woes of the indian,  
why do they remain unheard?  
even if in the grave roars  
Caupolicán's voice.  
Rise, Huenchullán.